

AUTUMN ISSUE
No. 7

KID ETERNITY®

10¢

**PROTECTS
THE WORLD!**








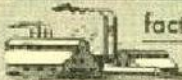







WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF PARENTS, PRESENT AND FUTURE AIR RIFLE OWNERS AND THE PUBLIC

SHOOT SAFE & BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman  aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms  with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife,  or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds,  pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember,  carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes,  factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one.... your parents,  guardian  or police  have the right to take it from you... and  should!  Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!



MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

Get Your DAISY HANDBOOK NOW!

Ready—the amazing 128-page DAISY HANDBOOK—your guide to safer shooting, more fun! Featuring Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips—atomic bombs—how to saddle western style—adventure stories—jokes—mechanical marvels explained—trick shots—manual of marksmanship—woodcraft tips—many others. Also included... complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog describing the beautiful Daisys being made and delivered to dealers fast as the supply of materials and labor permits. Get your Handbook. Hurry—limited supply. Mail dime (10c) and unused 3c stamp with name, address to Daisy—we'll send Handbook postpaid!



ILLUSTRATED BELOW IS THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000 SHOT
RED RYDER CARBINE

Model No. 111



DAISY AIR RIFLES

... QUALITY PRODUCTS OF



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 4910 UNION ST., DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.



SAFETY TIPS



BICYCLE SAFELY...

Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid cuts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turn, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...

Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.



DRIVE SAFELY...

An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...

Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run... walk!



AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



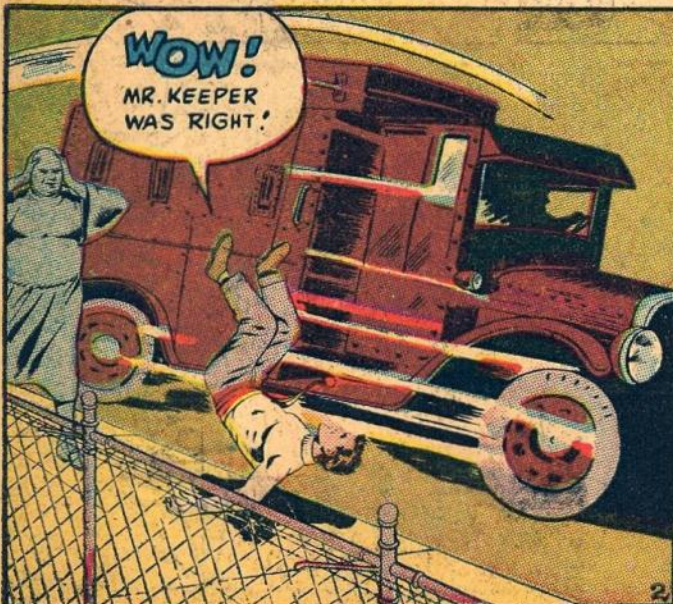
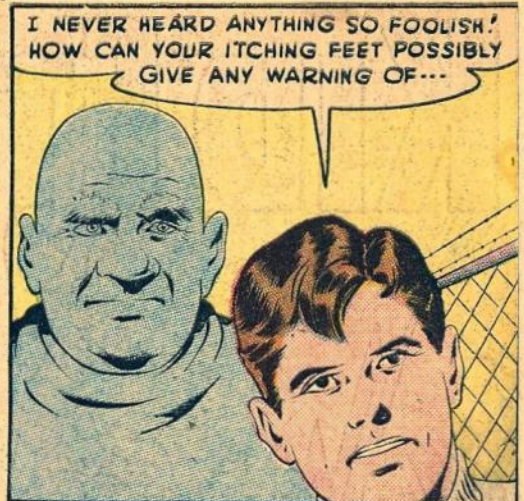
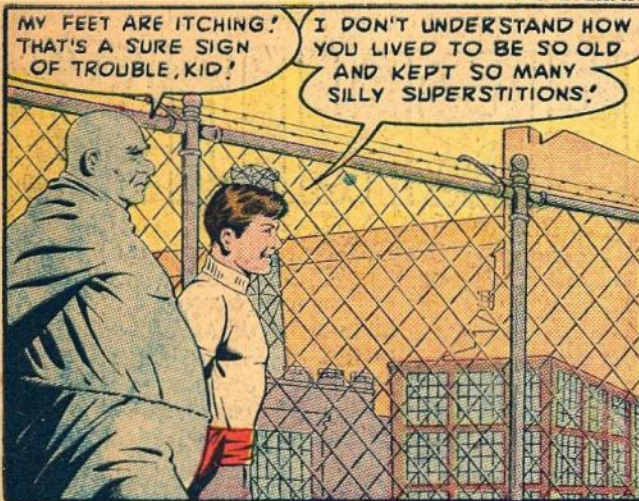
KID ETERNITY

Erroneously taken from this earth by an untimely death, Kid Eternity was recompensed with immortal powers! Under the guardianship of Mr. Keeper, he can become visible or invisible, can turn backward in time, and can call forth characters from the past...merely by saying the word **Eternity!**

But there appeared on earth another whose powers seemed almost as great as those of Kid Eternity...for the terrible forces of nature were harnessed within the body of **The Lightning Man!**



KID ETERNITY



KID ETERNITY

When Kid Eternity pronounces the magic word, a thunderous crash answers him...



...and Alfred Nobel returns from Eternity!

BAH! WHAT GOOD IS HE, IN A CRISIS LIKE THIS? HE'S FAMOUS FOR HIS PHILANTHROPIES!

FOR SOMETHING ELSE, TOO! DO YOU HAVE A SAMPLE WITH YOU, MR. NOBEL? USE IT TO STOP THAT ARMORED CAR!



IT'S A PLEASURE, KID!

A GOOD THROW!



YOU SEE, ALFRED NOBEL WAS ALSO THE INVENTOR OF DYNAMITE!

SO LONG, KID!

ETERNITY!



THAT'S WHAT COMES OF READING SO MANY BOOKS! YOU'RE GETTING TO BE SMARTER THAN I AM!

LET'S SEE IF ANYONE IS ALIVE INSIDE THAT ARMORED CAR!



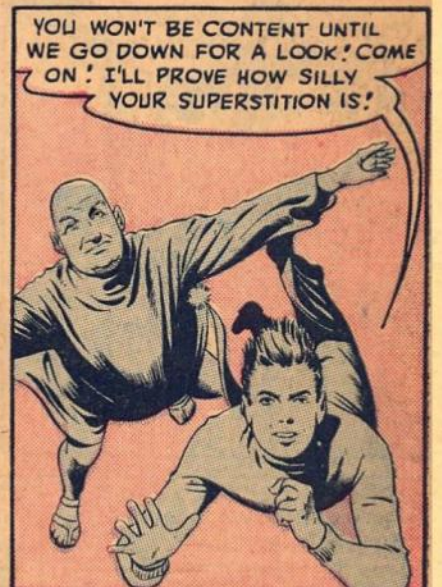
THE OTHERS ARE DEAD, BUT THIS FELLOW'S STILL ALIVE!

I KNOW HIM! THAT'S THE FAMOUS GANGSTER, MURDER MARTON!





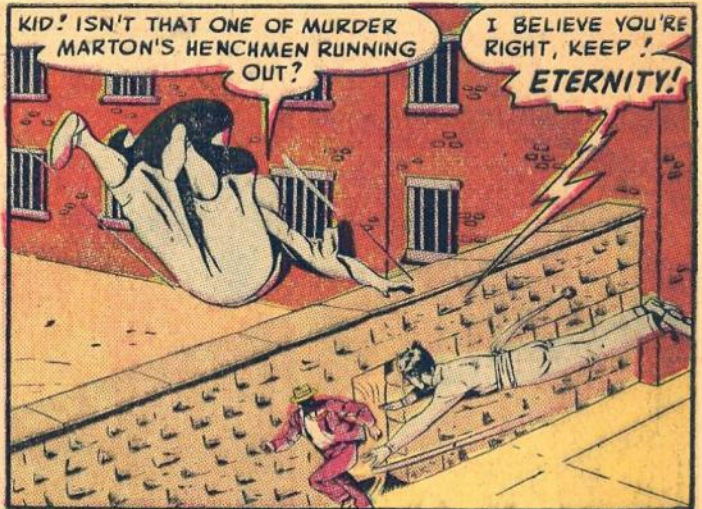
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KID ETERNITY



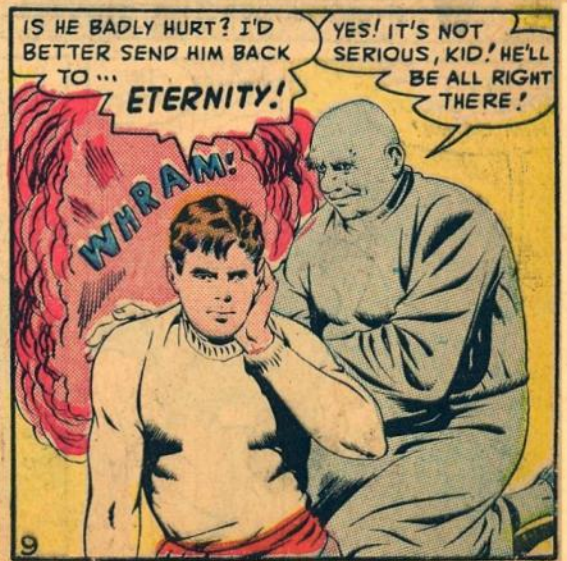
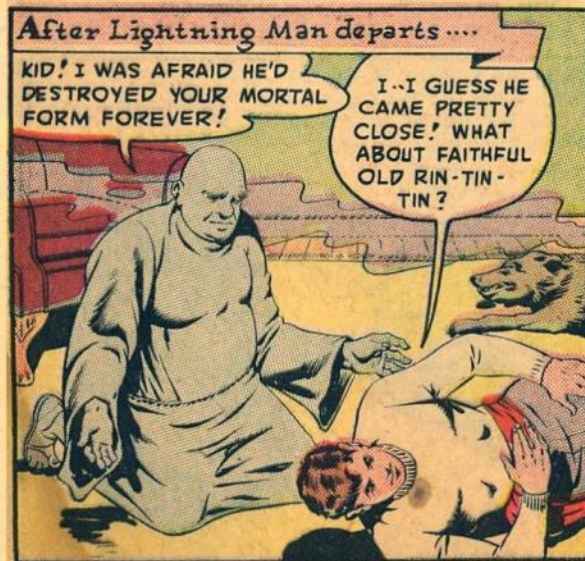
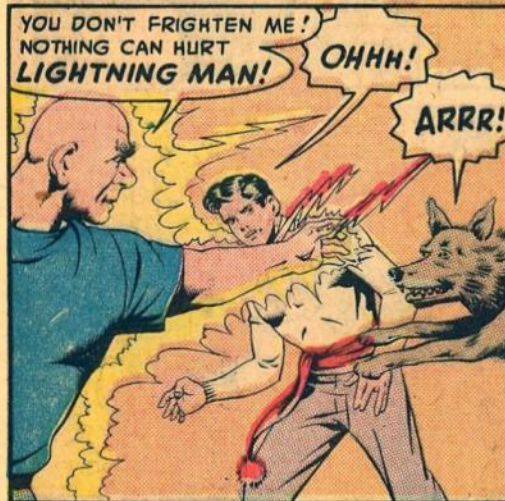
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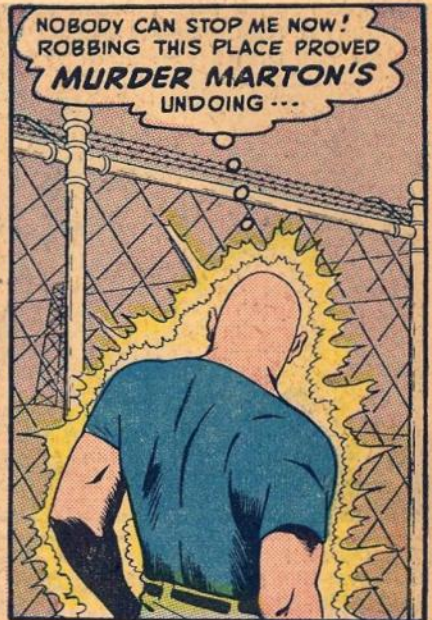
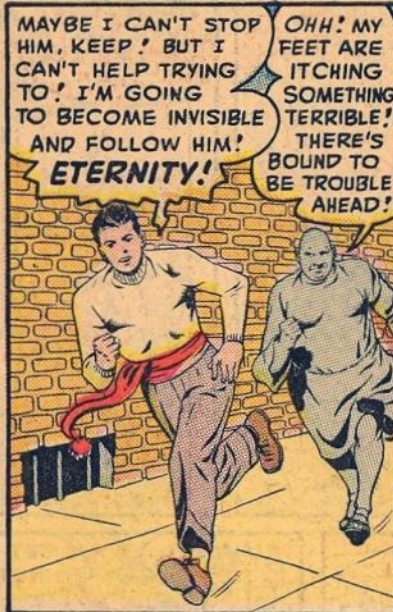
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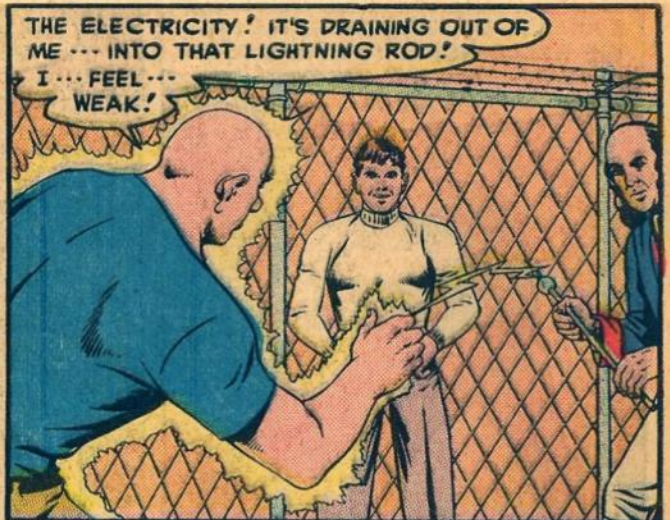
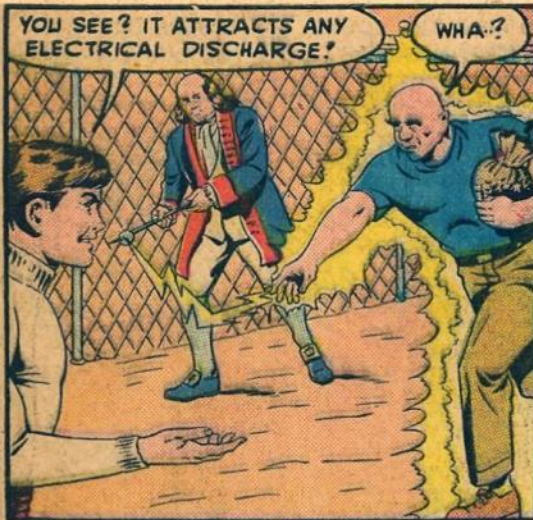
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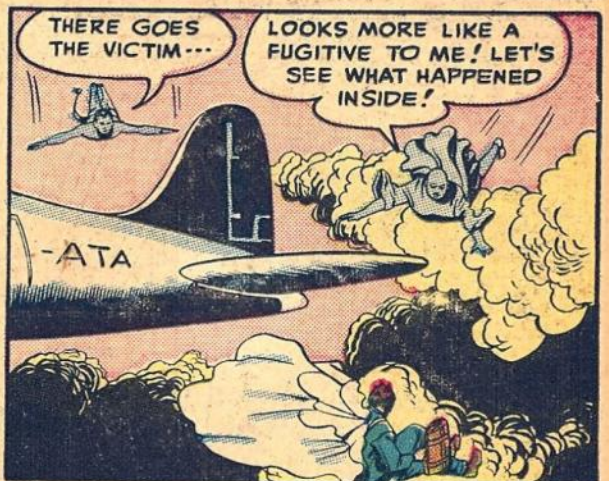


Why did a man die
while flying through
the clouds?

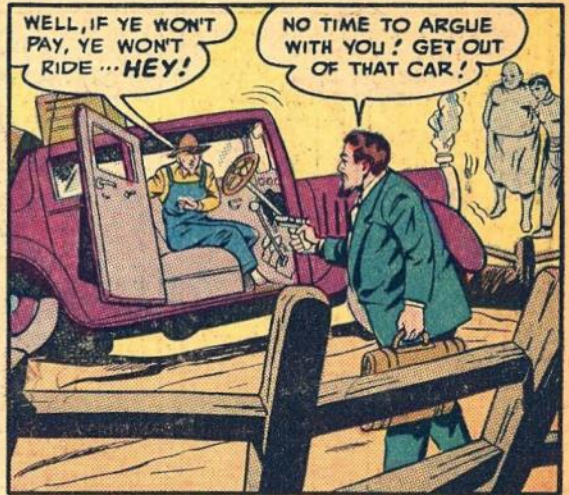
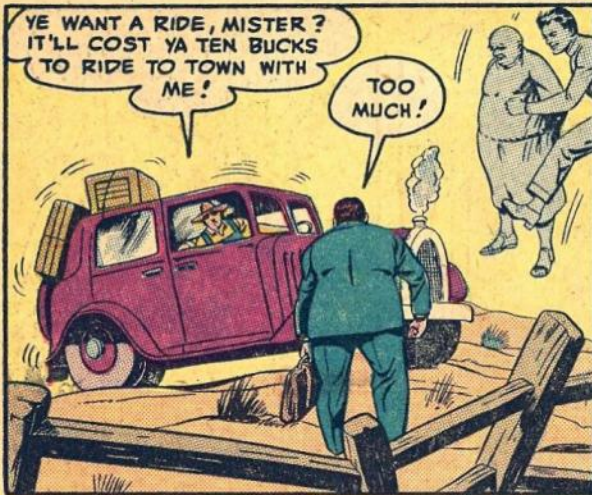
With what prize did
a mysterious fugitive
flee?

Kid Eternity followed
...without knowing
whether his prey was
a good man or evil!

KID ETERNITY



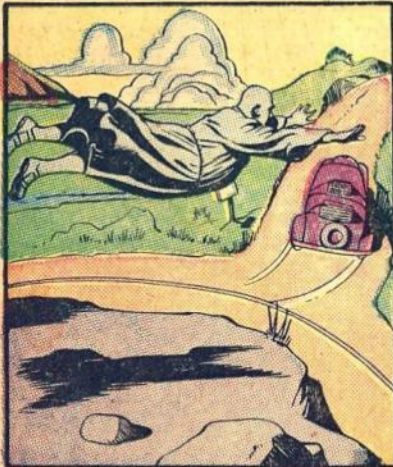
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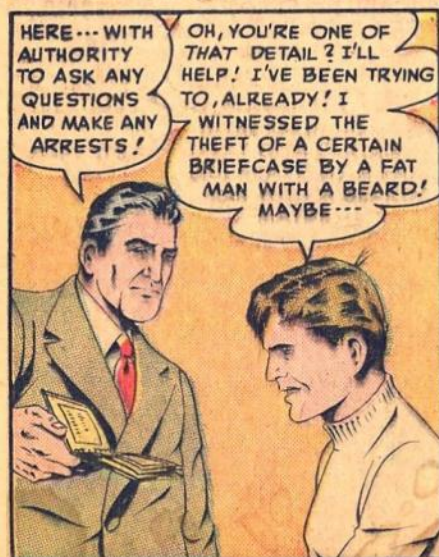
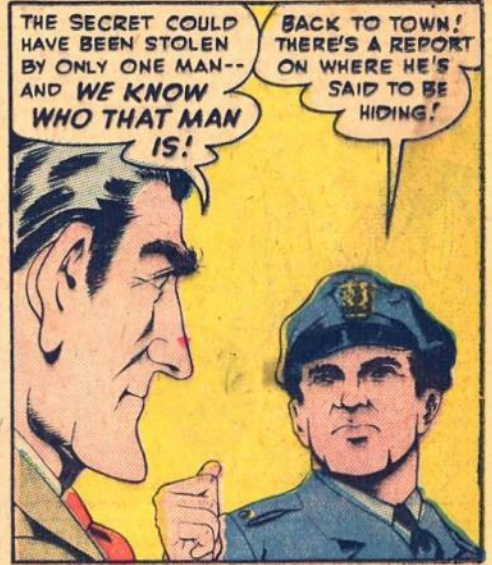
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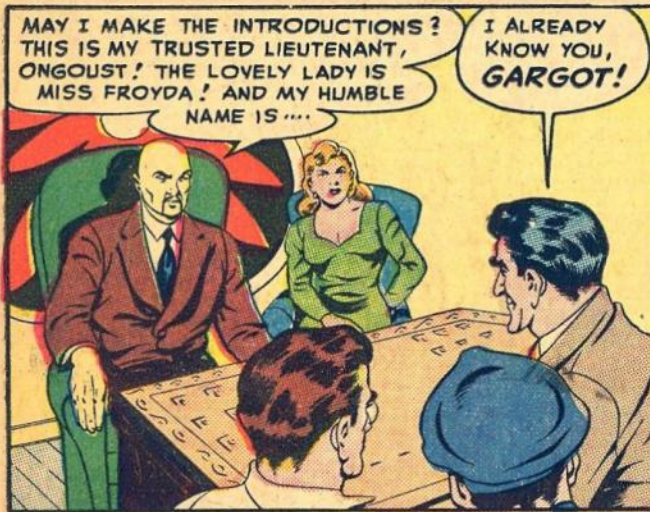


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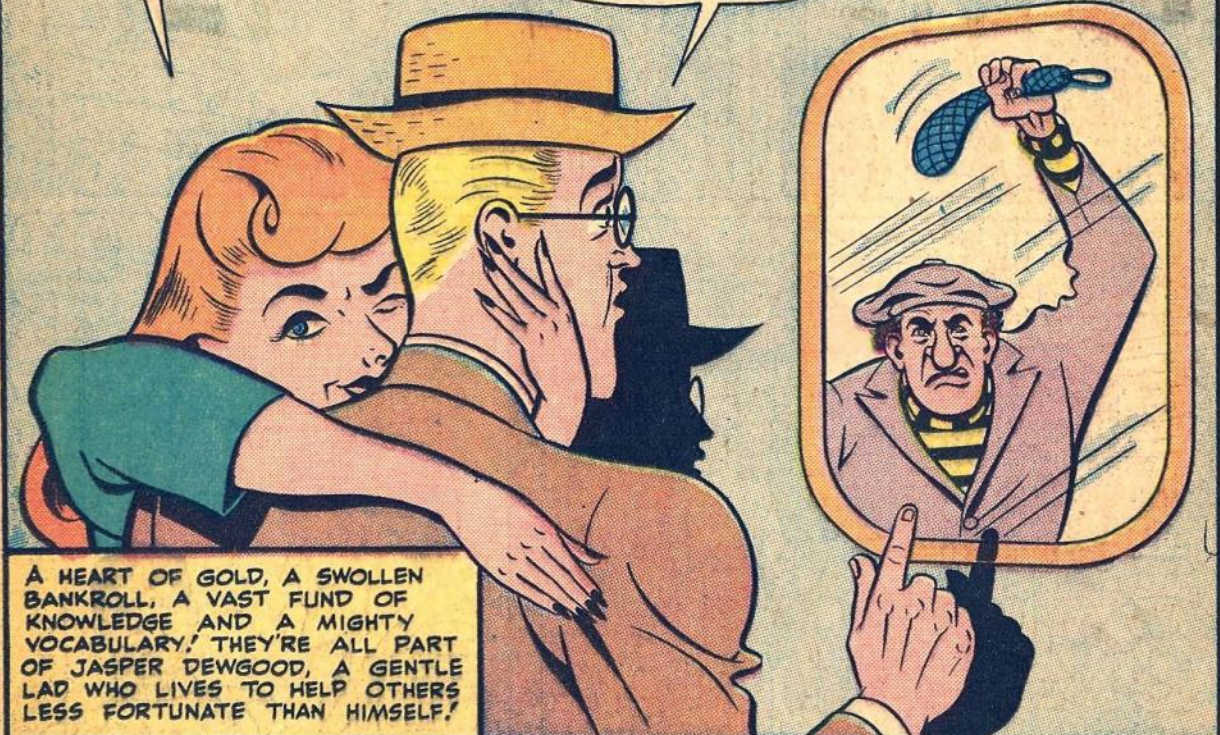


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JASPER DEWGOOD

YOU'RE THE STRONG, MASTERFUL KIND OF MAN I JUST CAN'T RESIST.'

DO YOU REALLY THINK SO? I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO DISCUSS THE EMOTIONAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLICATIONS OF THE IMPRESSION I MAKE... BUT I FEAR I' AM GOING TO BE FORCED INTO SOME VIOLENT ACTIVITY FIRST.'



A HEART OF GOLD, A SWOLLEN BANKROLL, A VAST FUND OF KNOWLEDGE AND A MIGHTY VOCABULARY. THEY'RE ALL PART OF JASPER DEWGOOD, A GENTLE LAD WHO LIVES TO HELP OTHERS LESS FORTUNATE THAN HIMSELF.'

IN A BIG CITY OFFICE BUILDING...

HOW'S IT LOOK, BOSS?

POIFECT.' I MEAN PUHRFICKT.' I GOTTA WATCH ME PRONUNCIATION SO OUR SUCKER... I MEAN OUR CONTRIBUTOR WON'T THINK I'M A MUGG.'

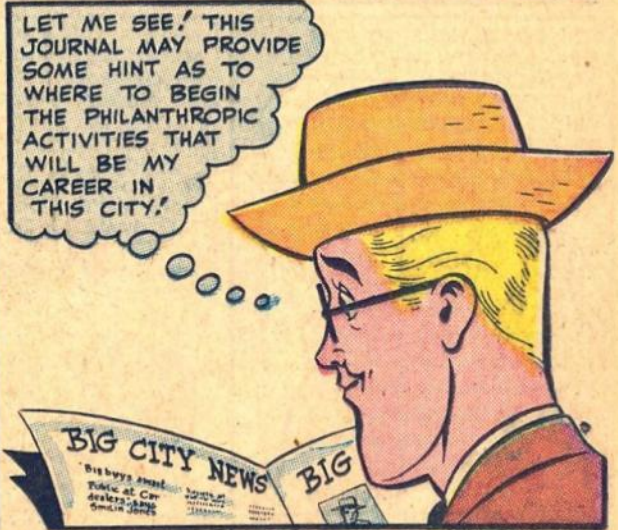
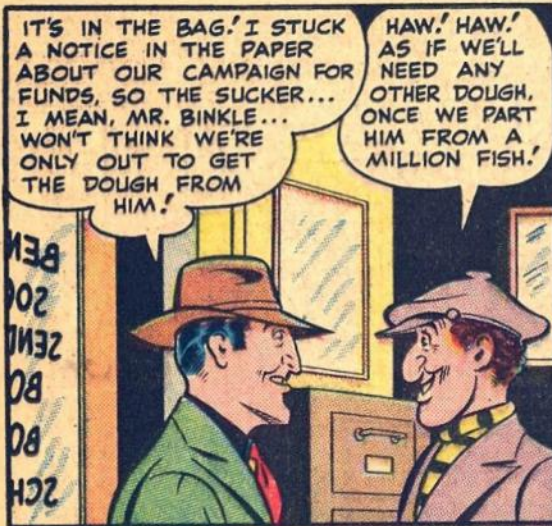
BENEVOLENT SOCIETY FOR SENDING CITY BOYS TO BOARDING SCHOOLS AND SUMMER CAMPS



IT'S SO GOOD, IT'S ALMOST GOT ME CONVINCED.'

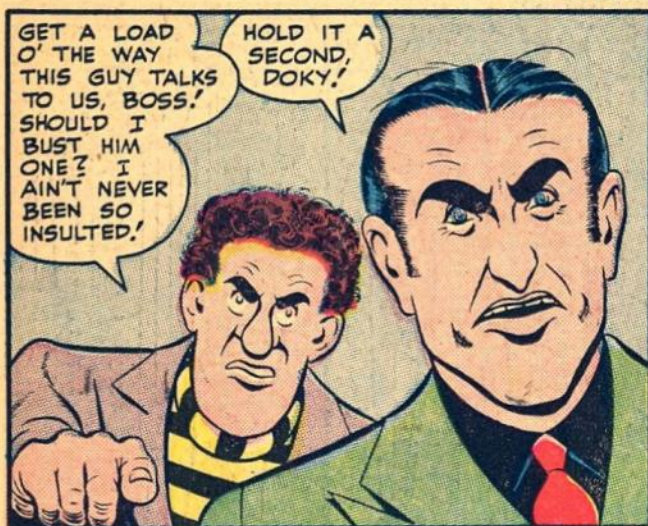
WE CAN'T MISS NOW, BOSS.'



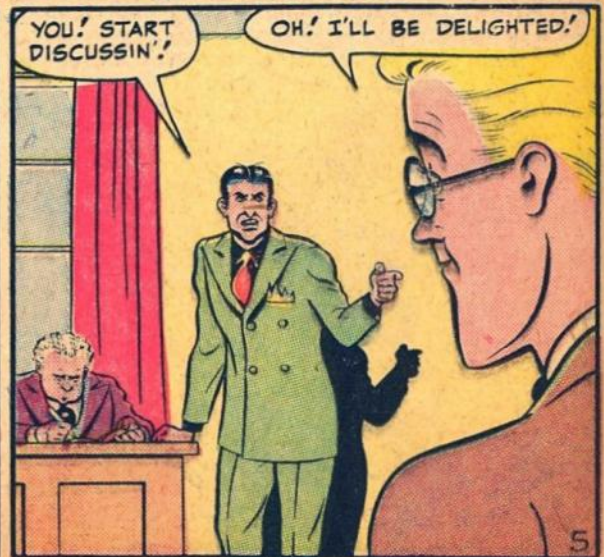


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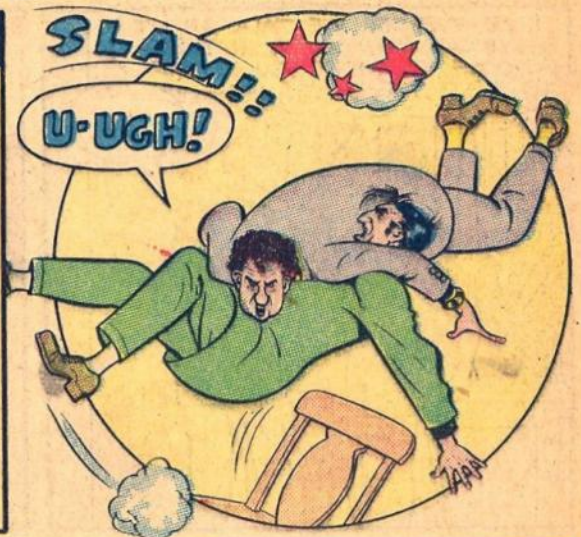


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AS TOLD

WIRE RECORDER ACCOUNT OF LIFE AMONG THE LOLOS:

We had crossed the "hump" so many times that we'd forgotten the number. It had never been easy. Tremendous cross-winds and thermals shooting up alongside the great mountains would catch the big C-47s in the grip of a giant, and we never knew what would happen.

But we got tons of much-needed cargo to the people of China, and to the U. S. chaps who risked their lives every day to bring peace to a land of many troubles.

Of course we always took off heavily overloaded, barely managing sometimes to get into the air.

On the occasion of which I speak now we had had a particularly bad flight. Our cargo included a lot of explosives. There were fourteen of us as crew.

When we had crossed the Chen-hwang Mountains near the Burma border, we ran into a terrible storm. It buffeted us about unmercifully, but eventually we were flying fairly easy.

Night caught us topping another high range of evil looking crags, and our pilot kept to the ceiling as best he could. Thick mist and clouds obscured the terrain below—if we had been able to see it.

Then the inevitable happened. A motor conked. We had been flying in circles for an hour or so just prior to getting over the mountains. Had we run out of gas?

The answer came at that moment. Two more engines died. Now we were limping through the thick murk on one motor, listing terribly.

"Get ready to hit the silk!" The pilot spoke sharply.

We leaped to obey. It was a bad place to select for bailing out, but what do you do in a case like that? We got ready to make the dark jump.

The last motor peeled out.

"Okay, boys," said Stebbins, the pilot. "Let's go!" He, too, was getting himself set for the leap.

We went one at a time, while the big C-47 moved sluggishly through the night, losing altitude.

The jerk of my opening chute nearly broke my neck. Then a thermal caught me, and I was flying down close to the wall of a mountain. Where would I land?

I hit. Darkness followed. I had struck my head on a rock. Somehow I had clung to the tiny wire-recorder machine, and somehow, perhaps unconsciously because I was trained to do it, I had kept up a running dictation into it. Why, I don't know. I don't think I expected it ever to be heard.

When I came to, I heard loud voices . . . and as my eyes came open, I saw them. Twenty or thirty of the evillest looking men I had ever seen. I made a sign of friendship with my right hand. They didn't react to the gesture. One of them stepped forward and plucked at my collapsed parachute, muttering something. The others came forward for a look. They all seemed quite interested in the rigging.

I struggled to sit up. One of them shoved me down and held a long rifle at my breast. He shook his head menacingly.

Then the leader stepped up. I had not seen him before. He spoke halting English:

"You American, no?"

"Yes," I said. "Where am I?"

"Lololand."

Lololand! I had heard of the place. There had been several flyers captured by these fierce tribesmen. Nothing had ever been heard of them.

They prodded me to my feet and hustled me along a narrow mountain trail. The leader had disappeared to the rear and I had no one

KID ETERNITY

to talk to. But it made little difference; I knew that the Lolos were strong for slavery. I'd be sold into bondage.

They let me keep my recorder, which I slung by its strap over my shoulder. It was good for five hours of continuous conversation, so every now and then I made a bit of chatter into it. Who knows, I thought, who might listen to its sad story one day?

We reached a village of wattled huts with crooked, winding streets. I was taken to the largest of these and shoved inside. The leader was squatting on a pile of dirty silks. He motioned me to sit.

"You are the fifth American to arrive in our land," he told me sonorously. "Do you know your fate?"

"I have heard a few tales," I said. "I've heard that you sell all captives into slavery."

He nodded. "That is the usual thing."

I waited.

"Sometimes, however," he went on, "we have other plans for such as you."

"It makes little difference," I said. There was a considerable cloud of gloom within me. I wondered what had become of the others. I asked the old Lolo.

"That I cannot say," he replied. "They did not come down in our land to my knowledge. However, all our patrols have not reported."

There was a chance, then, that some of the other fellows had come down in Lololand. I'd know soon enough. I hoped they had escaped this dread life. Yet I longed for companionship of my own people.

A tray with a bowl of hot gooey paste was brought in and placed beside me.

"Eat," said the leader.

After I'd finished, the leader spoke:

"Too many foreign devils have learned about our country, which has been hidden from the sight of such for uncounted centuries."

I looked at him. What was coming?

"Two of the first Americans to come to us we sold to the hill tribes—the White Lolos, who are little short of slaves themselves. We of the Black caste do not accept foreign slaves."

It looked bad for me. I went on eating the thick gruel, which was not bad.

"Thus you will become a sacrifice to our great god San-wang on the evening of the 13th, which is the feast day of that god."

"You mean—" I gulped.

"You will die, white man!"

The leader clapped his hands. Two enormous Lolos bustled in, grabbed me by the arms and hauled me from the hut. They rushed me to an enclosure and threw me inside. It was a prison from which no one could escape. I sat and talked into my recorder, which by a miracle had not been broken. I don't know how long I lay there when sleep came.

Someone groaning awakened me. Then I saw that day had come again and that an old man lay on his side nearby. He was dying, fast. He tried to speak to me but failed. Then he was dead.

Two or three days passed. I was given no food and only a bit of dirty water. They seemed to want me weak. I talked to my recorder, and tried to make friends with a huge buzzard that came daily and picked at the bones of the old man.

At last an idea came to me. I caught the buzzard and made one last act on earth, signing off the machine and closing the circuit.

They came for me that evening. I was half-carried to a post in the village clearing. A fire was built about me. The villagers, grinning and poking insults at me, clustered around the post. I felt the flames growing hotter—hotter—my breath grew painful. Black specks shot before my eyes. . . .

The big buzzard wheeled high in the skies and then floated in circles downward.

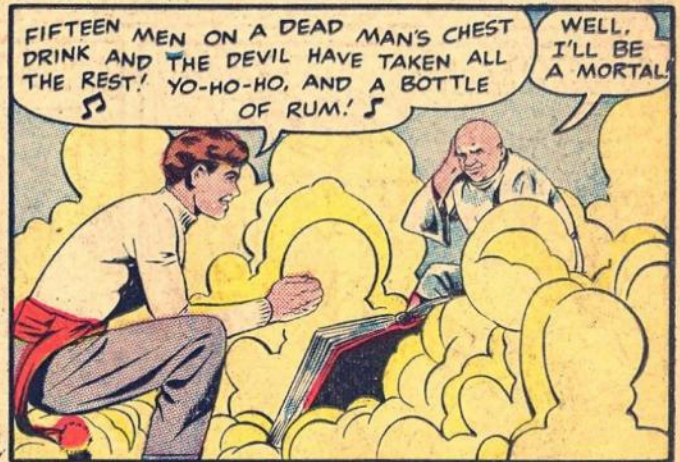
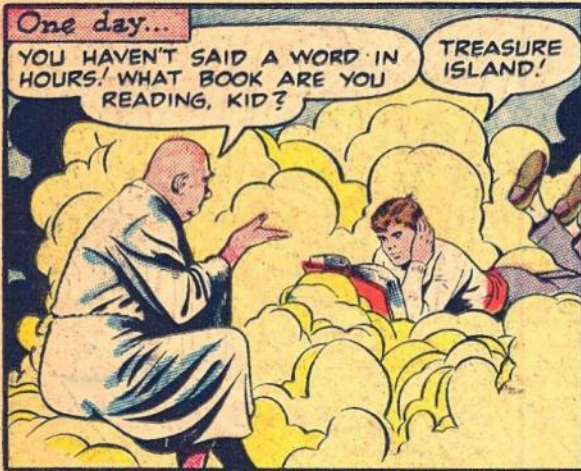
"It's better than nothing to eat anyway," said Sergt. Holmes raising his rifle. "Here goes!"

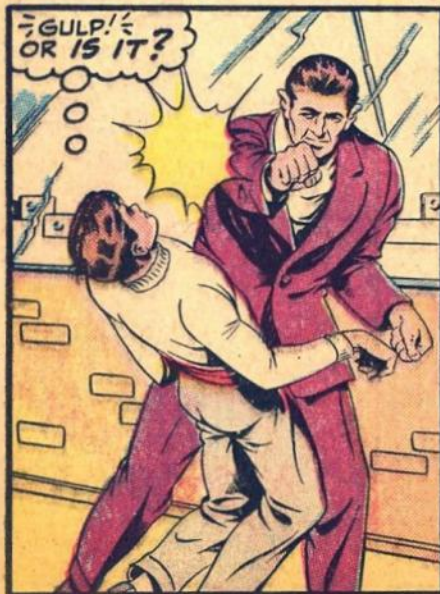
The rifle cracked. The big bird fluttered to the ground. Six famished men rushed for it—only to halt abruptly. That black box fastened to its leg! A wire-recorder!

They crowded about while the recorder spoke those last words, in the prison enclosure—about the buzzard gnawing the bones of the dead man; about the guards coming for that last dreadful meeting with the post. . . .



KID ETERNITY





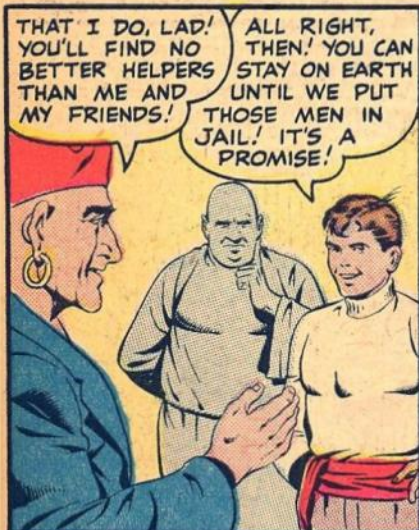
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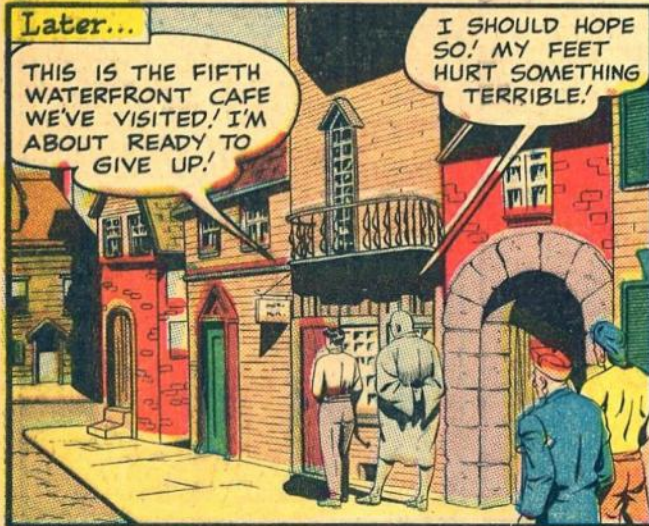
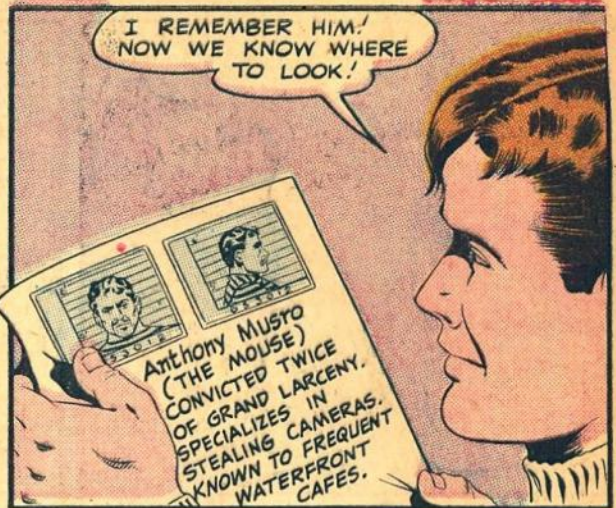
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KID, SPEAK TO ME!...OHH, I WISH I WASN'T SO HELPLESS! I'D SHOW THAT TREACHEROUS LONG JOHN SILVER A THING OR TWO!



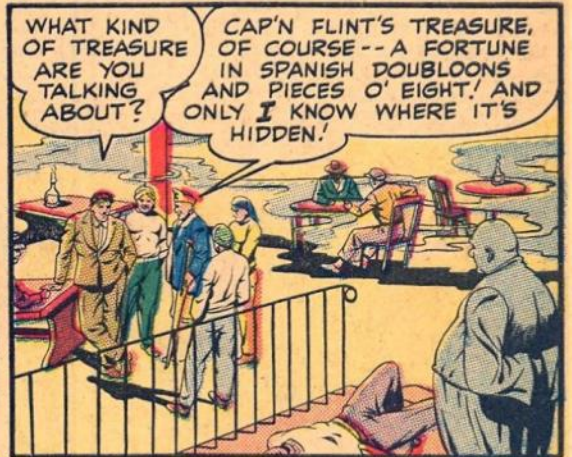
I DON'T GET IT! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON THE KID'S SIDE!

AYE, AND I'LL WAGER A GUINEA HE DID, TOO! BUT LONG JOHN SILVER NEVER FIGHTS FOR ANYBODY BUT HIMSELF! THAT'S WHY I LET YOU GET AWAY THE FIRST TIME!



LET ME GET AWAY? WHY, YOU OLD...

SOFTLY NOW -- OR MY GOOD FRIEND, ISRAEL HANDS, WILL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE POINT O' HIS KNIFE! AND WHY SHOULD WE FIGHT, WHEN THERE'S TREASURE ENOUGH FOR ALL?



WHAT KIND OF TREASURE ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

CAP'N FLINT'S TREASURE, OF COURSE -- A FORTUNE IN SPANISH DOUBLOONS AND PIECES O' EIGHT! AND ONLY I KNOW WHERE IT'S HIDDEN!



BUT I NEED MEN FOR A CREW AND A SHIP TO SAIL IN! ARE YOU WITH ME?

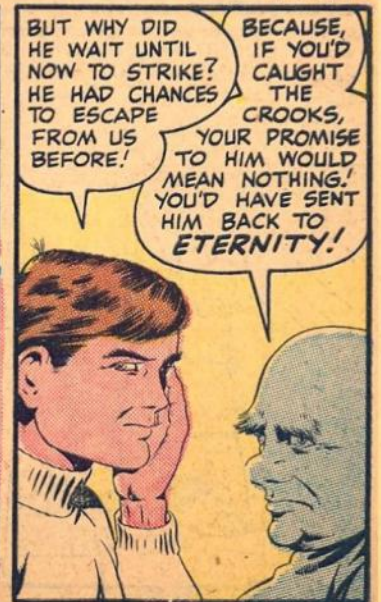
I NEVER SAILED A SHIP IN MY LIFE! BUT I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR ENOUGH DOUGH! LEAD THE WAY, CAPTAIN SILVER!



Later...

KID, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! THANK GOODNESS! YOU'VE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS QUITE A WHILE! I WAS AFRAID HE'D CRACKED YOUR SKULL WITH THAT CRUTCH OF HIS!

THEN -- THEN IT WAS LONG JOHN SILVER! I NEVER EVEN SAW WHO HIT ME!



BUT WHY DID HE WAIT UNTIL NOW TO STRIKE? HE HAD CHANCES TO ESCAPE FROM US BEFORE!

BECAUSE, IF YOU'D CAUGHT THE CROOKS, YOUR PROMISE TO HIM WOULD MEAN NOTHING! YOU'D HAVE SENT HIM BACK TO ETERNITY!

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KID ETERNITY



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But the sound of the shot has attracted Long John Silver's intended victim...

HE-HE'S GONNA KILL ME! I CAN'T FIGHT THAT BLOOD-THIRSTY PIRATE ALONE!

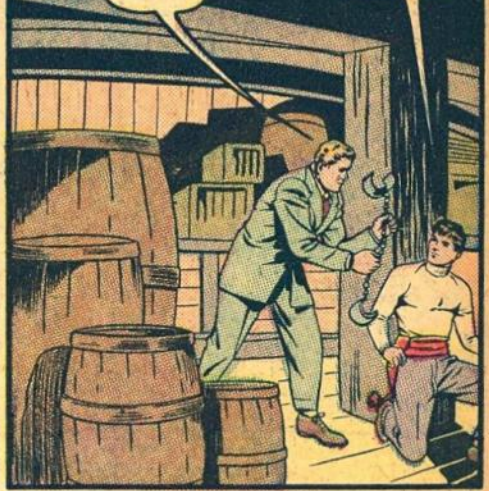


I NEED HELP! THAT KID --- LOCKED IN THE HOLD! HE'LL BE ON MY SIDE!



LONG JOHN SILVER'S GONE CRAZY! HE WANTS TO KILL US ALL!

WAIT! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



LONG JOHN SILVER!

WELL NOW, MATES, HAVE YOU BEEN HAVING AN INTERESTING TALK? I'M THE MAN FOR CONVERSATION, I AM!



BUT I LIKE MY PISTOL TO DO MOST OF THE TALKING!

UGHH!

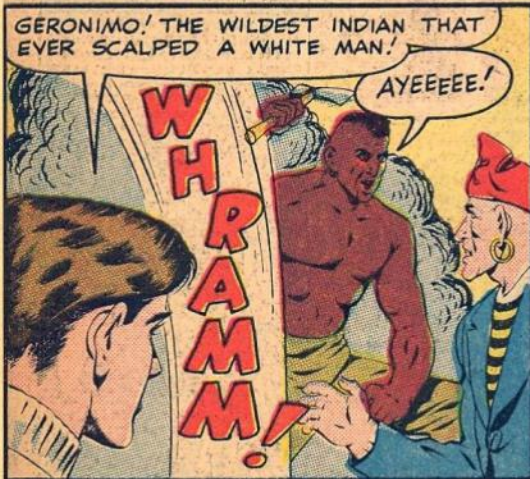
ETERNITY!



COLONEL BOWIE--THEY NAMED A KNIFE AFTER YOU! LET'S SEE YOU THROW A COUPLE!



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Here's
News About
a Sensational
FREE
Offer to
DICK TRACY Fans

GET THIS AUTHENTIC DICK TRACY RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN that LOOKS and SOUNDS just like the real McCoy!

**Be Sure You Get
the One and Only
Authorized
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Tommy Gun**

- ★ Realistically styled to look like genuine U. S. Army Tommy Gun.
- ★ Regulated automatic repeater action.
- ★ All-metal, precision-cast, hardened copper alloy.
- ★ Real gun-metal finish.
- ★ Complete with Army-Type shoulder strap.
- ★ Includes Dick Tracy Badge and membership in Dick Tracy Detective Club.

\$3.79
POSTPAID
FOR A LIMITED
TIME ONLY



**TAT-TAT
RAPID-FIRE
TRIGGER
ACTION
TAT-TAT**

Over 20 Inches long

NOW YOU CAN BE A JUNIOR G-MAN

Say, Kids—how would you like to have the one and only authorized Dick Tracy RAPID-FIRE TOMMY GUN patterned after those used by U. S. Army Commandos? Well, you have the chance of a lifetime to get this super-action gun for only \$3.79. Watch the other kid's eyes "pop" when they see this wonderful Tommy gun. And when they hear that realistic "rat-a-tat-tat" of its trigger, they'll stick 'em up in a hurry! Everyone wants one of these genuine Dick Tracy TOMMY GUNS... but it's first come, first served, so get your order in today!

THE IDEAL GIFT FOR EVERY YOUNGSTER!

PARENTS: Here's the perfect gift for your growing boy! If he's a real Dick Tracy fan, his eyes will "pop" when he sees this authentic Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN. And playing Detective with this wonderful Dick Tracy TOMMY GUN and badge will increase his respect for the law, and at the same time offer him a healthy outlet for his "boyish" enthusiasm! This offer is limited to readers of this magazine who mail the coupon IMMEDIATELY! Mail the coupon TODAY, with only \$3.79. Your gun, badge, and Dick Tracy Club membership card will be RUSHED to you by return mail!

**PARKER JOHNS — Dept. DT-136
608 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.**

Please rush my authentic DICK TRACY Tommy Gun and Detective Badge for only \$3.79. If not delighted I may return my gun within 5 days for complete refund and keep the Badge FREE!

CHECK ONE

Prices in Canada add 50¢

- ☐ I am enclosing \$3.79. Please ship postpaid. No C.O.D.'s.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman \$3.79 plus postage.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

**MAIL HANDY
COUPON NOW**



Free!

**A Thrilling Episode
in the Lives of
SECRET AGENT X-28
and His Son JUNIOR**



**GET THOSE HANDS
UP IN THE AIR, "X-28!"
YOUR NUMBER'S UP!**

**NOW YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY 60
SECONDS LEFT TO TELL US WHERE
YOU'VE HIDDEN THAT ATOMIC EXPLOSIVE
FORMULA... OR WE'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YOU!**

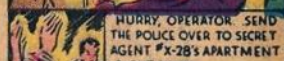


**WHAT'S
THIS?**

**OKAY, KID. ONLY BE
CAREFUL WITH THAT
THING, IT MIGHT GO OFF!**



**REACH FOR
THE CEILING
FELLAS. I'LL
SHOOT THE
FIRST GUY
WHO MOVES.**



**HURRY, OPERATOR. SEND
THE POLICE OVER TO SECRET
AGENT "X-28'S" APARTMENT
RIGHT AWAY.**



**I HAVE TO HAND
IT TO YOU,
JUNIOR. THAT
WAS CERTAINLY
FAST THINKING.**



**IT'S LUCKY I
HAD THIS DICK
TRACY TOMMY
GUN WITH ME.
IT LOOKS SO
MUCH LIKE THE
REAL THING, IT
FOOLS MOST
PEOPLE.**



**YOU MEAN
TO SAY THAT
TOMMY GUN
ISN'T REAL?
WHY, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!**



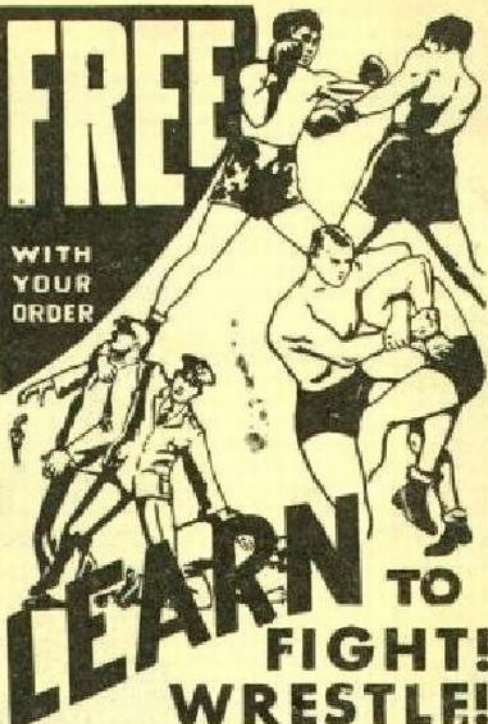
**YES, KIDS,
THIS DICK TRACY
TOMMY GUN LOOKS
SO REAL YOU
WON'T BELIEVE
IT EITHER. AND
IMAGINE, YOU CAN
GET ONE EXACTLY
LIKE IT FOR ONLY
\$3.79 IF YOU
Mail This Coupon Now!**

**THIS GENUINE DICK TRACY
DETECTIVE BADGE IS YOURS TO KEEP**

... even if you are not delighted with your DICK TRACY TOMMY GUN. Yes, if not completely satisfied you may return your TOMMY GUN for a complete refund and keep this wonderful GOLD FINISH Dick Tracy Detective Badge FREE!

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WITH
YOUR
ORDER



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"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

TRAPPING A BANDIT



WE'VE GOT TO STOP THESE JEWEL ROBBERIES! THIS FAKE NEWSPAPER STORY MIGHT FOOL THE BANDIT AND LEAD US TO HIS HIDEOUT... WITH U.S. ROYAL'S HELP!

MY PAPER IS HAPPY TO CO-OPERATE WITH THE POLICE, SIR... WE'LL RUN IT IN THE NEXT EDITION!



NEXT DAY, IN THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT...

HERE'S WHERE I GET TO WORK! THAT TRAIN WILL PASS JUST A FEW MILES FROM HERE LATER TONIGHT...

...and this new diamond shipment will arrive here midnight tomorrow on the Trail Blazer Express



THAT NIGHT...

SOMEBODY SIGNALLED US TO STOP! MUST BE THE TROUBLE WE WERE WARNED TO EXPECT.

ALL RIGHT, FELLAS... HERE'S WHERE WE START TRAVELLING. I'LL TOW YOU WITH THIS HANDLEBAR.

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB STREAK OFF AFTER THE ESCAPING BANDIT...



EASIEST STICK-UP I EVER PULLED! HANDED THE DIAMONDS RIGHT OVER... WHAT SAPS!

IF HE ONLY KNEW THOSE "DIAMONDS" ARE NOTHING BUT GLASS!



SO THIS IS WHERE HE HIDES THE LOOT! BOYS, I'LL STAND GUARD, WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE...



LATER...

YOU BOYS DID A SWELL JOB! IF YOU HADN'T FOLLOWED THIS THIEF TO HIS HIDEOUT, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE RECOVERED THOSE STOLEN GEMS!



FELLAS - IF YOU WANT TO TRAVEL FAST... BUT SAFELY... USE U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

NEXT ISSUE:
RACING TO
THE RESCUE!



"I'LL TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN EVERY TIME" - SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

HERE IS A TIRE THAT HOLDS THE ROAD EVEN WHEN SURFACES ARE WET AND SLIPPERY. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN DESIGN GIVES BETTER CONTROL! WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

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